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THE Whimsical LADY, A DIALOGUE,

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Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London.

The Whimsical LADY.

MAdam, understanding that you are a Single Woman, have your Fortune in your own hands; endowed with a great many Virtues; I have made bold to offer my Service o you in the Hononrable way of Marriage.

She. 'tis true I'm at my own Disposal in those Affairs, and have no aversion unto Wedlock; could I get one to my liking; but i'll look before I Leap: in brief, Sir, tell me what Trade you are off.

He. Madam, I am a Goldsmith, and a profitable Trade too it is, had I a Stock to carry on my Business.

She. I don't question but you have Impudence, a principal Ingredient to put off base Metal, and put too much *Alloy* in your Work, to be a Man for my Money.

He. Madam, I said this to try you; for e'ell; I am a Clock-maker.

She

She. Worſe again, for you cheat us of our Time, which is *certinly* the moſt pricious Thing in the World; a man may walk many Streets, before he can hear two Clocks ſtrike at once.

He. Madam, i am both a Painter, and a Poet.

She, Then you are a double Lyar, and a Flatterer by Trade.

He. Madam, you conſume the two fineſt Arts in the world.

She. That's falſe, Poetry is a Gift, not an Art to be learnt

He. But Madam, what cauſes you taking ſuch Diſlike to the Painters and Limners? how do they lye and flatter?

She. One Inſtance may ſuffice: my Mother, who is as old and ugly as old Mother Shipton; one of theſe Rogues the other day drew her Picture as fair as *Venus.*

He. Madam, i did but jeſt all this while, for i am a Licenſed Phyſician.

She. then you poiſon and murder People with a Licenſe; and Death and the Grave hide and cover your Faults.

He. I am a little mistaken in what i said, for i am a Lawyer regularly bred.

She. Then you know how to plead, and take Fees on both sides.

He. Madam, i am a Clergyman, and in Holy Orders.

She. A devout Saint or Hypocrite in the Pulpit, but a Devil in the Tavern.

He. Madam, I mistook all this while, I was bred an Apothecary.

She. then you know how to garnish your Shop with empty Pots, and give *Greek* and *Latin* Names to dry'd Toads, *&c.* and so make us pay for our Ignorence.

He. Madam, I am a Brewer and can brew all sorts of fine Ale, can refine either Beer or Ale, if flat or muddy, and recover a good Colour, Taste and Flavour, if lost.

She. But tell me how much Hens-turd, Horse-flesh, Isinglass, and other Ingredients you adulterate those Liquors withal.

He. I am a Baker, and can make *French* Bread the Lightest and Whitest in *London.*

She. Light enough, i don't doubt it, was you never in the Pillory for it? and white

enough

enough tao; but how much Lime & Soap do you mix with the Flower?

He, I am, Madam, a Taylor, and can make either Men or Womens Cloaths, according to the newest Fashion.

She. Then you are a comical mimick of Foppery; but tell me the Difference between a Taylor and a thief, and what cabbage you have eat and stole in your Life.

He. Madam, I forgot all this while, i'm a Prince born by trade; i'm of the Gentle-Craft, vulgarly called a Shoe-maker,

She. Never the better for that, for tho' you live by your Last and your End, you seldom think of either.

He. Really Madam, i thought all young Ladies had admired our Craft, because it is our Business to make them nice and tite about the Heels, one of the first Things a Man will gaze at in a Woman.

She. No your rotton half tann'd Leather, great Awls, small Ends and long Stiches, Create my Aversion.

He. Well but Madam, i am a Bricklayer, and can build a House according to any Model given me,

She. Then you are curſt in the Scribture which ſays, woe be to them that daub with untempered Mortar.

He. Madam, I am a Ship-Carpenter by Trade, you know Shipping is of a very grear Uſe and Advantage to us and many other Nations.

She. I can't abide that Trade, which is the Occaſion of ſo many Mens Deaths; I mean the brave Sailors, who have but two or three Inches at moſt between them and their watry Graves.

He. Madam, tho' i conceal'd it hitherto I am a Butcher by my Trade.

She. Then you are a bloody Devil, and I can aſſure you that i will have nothing to do with you.

He. Madam, I am a Blackſmith; and you know, by Hammer and Hand, Trades flouriſh and ſtand.

She. Then you are a Sooty Devil; you and the Chimney-Sweepers ſhould always hang together.

He. Madam, now I recollect my-ſelf, i am a Glaſs-blowe: I hope you will allow that a very pretty Art.

She. *Then you are like a Sallamander, you can live either by or in the Fire, ſo you need not to be afraid at any Time to go you know where; —— being Naturalized to it beforehand.*

He. *Madam, I miſtook, i'm an Ale-Draper, a Retailer of Ale and ſtrong Beer.*

She. *You ſhould ſay a Beggar-maker; I will engage you would not miſtake, or at leaſt forget to make uſe of a Marlborough Chalk or ſcore two for one, and Froth your Pot and Can.*

He. I am both a Gun-Smith and Sword-Cuttler.

She. Then you are as bad as the Devil: you make Inſtruments for People to murder one and other; and are acceſſary in providing thoſe dead ly Serpents.

He. Madam, I am of that Trade that imitates Nature moſt, in all its fine ſhades and hues; i mean a dyer.

She. You ſhould ſay a Lyer, for

I think you are a meer Protheus, you can put on any Shape, a very Cameleon, change to any Colour, fickle as the Moon, inconstant as the Wind and Tide; therefore i hate any thing so vairable.

He. *Madam, i am really a waterman, and ply at* Hungerford-stairs.

She. *I don't like that, it puts me in mind of a double Dealer, when he looks one way, and Rows the other; but since you talk of Hunger, it puts me in mind of a Dinner; i'll take my leave of you for the present time, and see you again the first opportunity.*

Then don't despair, another Season may
Prove more auspicious than the present Day.

FINIS.